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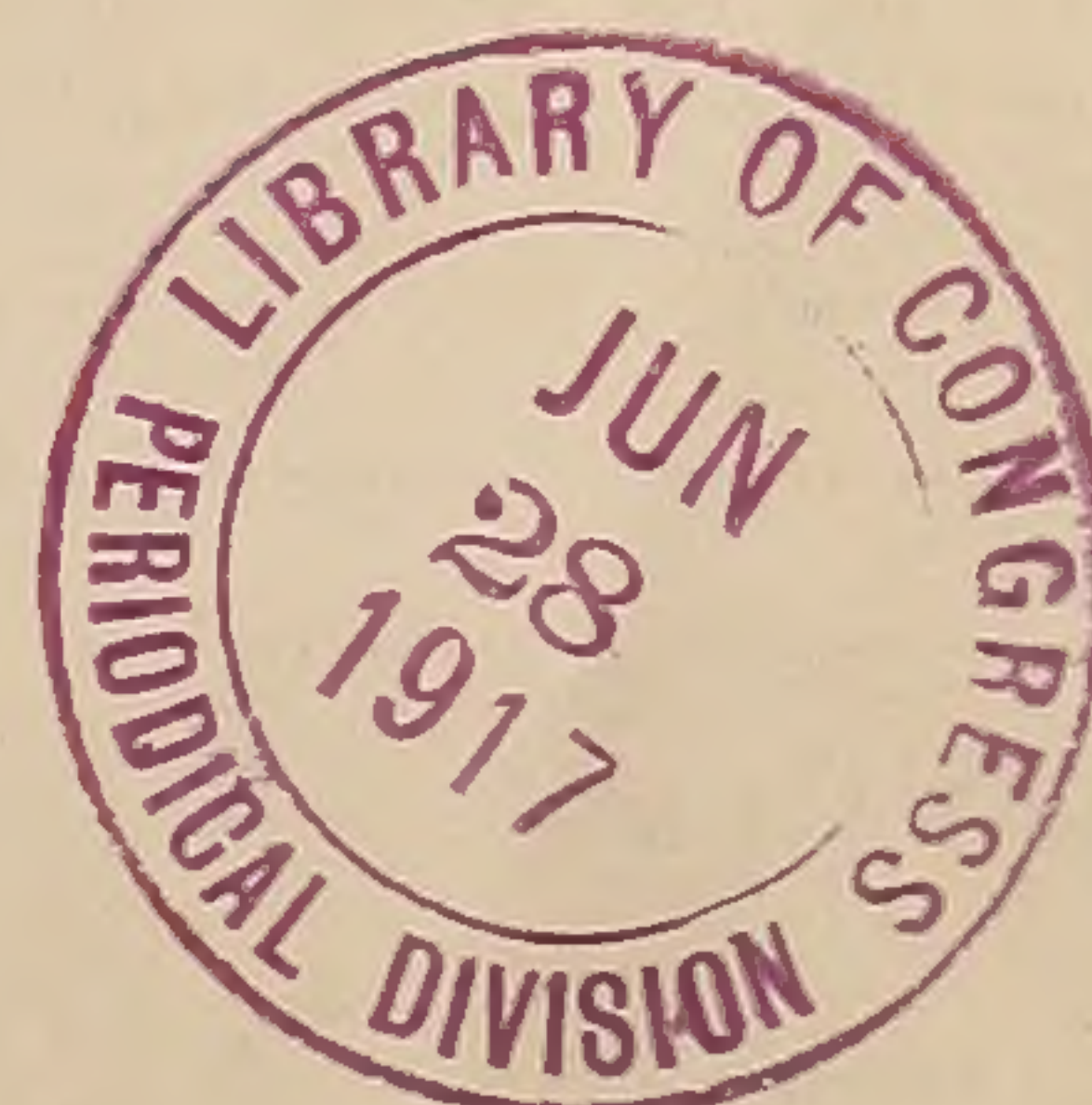
And The Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined



MARY PICKFORD

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT!

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BY LESLIE-JUDGE CO., NEW YORK



THE ORIENT UNMASKED

THE sombre and fantastic tapestries that so long hid from modern gaze the Eastern world during the height of its luxury and laxity have been drawn aside, and behold! a new world—strange and dim and distant—real and still unreal—devotional and yet emotional—spiritual and yet intensely physical—a world of men and women with ardent temperaments and strange beliefs. Though the lutes are silent, and the beautiful women who fascinated and allured the ancient kings and princes with their smiles and dances are gone; though the warm blood no longer courses through their veins, and all the ancient Gods and phantom hosts and wizards with their magic arts are dead—that wondrous vivid life—so poetic and intense—which found expression in a thousand merry, roguish tales, can now be enjoyed through the John Payne translation of

“ORIENTAL TALES”

THE REAL ARABIAN NIGHTS

Being the first complete and unexpurgated rendering into English of The Book of The Thousand Nights and One Night. Translated from the Original Arabic by JOHN PAYNE and Specially Prepared for the Francois Villon Society of London.



A MARVELOUS WORK

The first glimpse the Western world had of the wondrous life of this period was in the early part of the eighteenth century, when Galland issued the first part of The Thousand and One Nights, in a French translation from the Arabic, which at once became famous as "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments." For nearly two centuries these few Oriental tales were allowed to masquerade in abridged condition in the literary world. Deprived of their beauty and originality, shorn of the very qualities which make them attractive, they were printed and reprinted in English until famous scholars, Mr. Payne and others, carried away by their mysterious power, resolved to give them and many others to the reading world in their original form.

So John Payne, the most eminent Orientalist of his day, set to work to translate these many tales and mystic legends, with all their passionate and languid charm, into the English tongue; to reproduce fully and candidly the literature of Persia, India and Arabia—a literature redolent with the smell of incense, with the din of plaintive and alluring music, with black-haired women and strange dances—subtle and suggestive—with weird influences and voluptuous beauty; to render into English the sports and caprices of those old peoples—keeping nothing back—and to let the finished work stand as its own apology; to translate these wondrous stories exactly and literally as they were told by the Oriental people themselves, with all their Oriental freedom and candor.

When the work was finished it was received by the privileged few

among whom it circulated as a marvelous, almost a miraculous, contribution to the literature of the world.

BRUNSWICK SUBSCRIPTION CO. F.F.—7-17
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Please mail me descriptive circular and special price on "Oriental Tales," without obligation on my part.

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These "Oriental Tales" are the literature of the people of the old Eastern world—the children of rare imagination—of idealism and realism.

They tell the strength and force of the natural, and the strange and subtle beauty of the supernatural.

They take us into dimly lighted halls canopied by rich draperies where the incense burns amid its luxurious surroundings and sends its gray smoke curling lazily through the scented air. We walk in imagination through enchanted, perfumed corridors and feel the freedom of the antique world. The soft rugs yield beneath our feet and we pause to listen to the playing of the fountains, or to watch the graceful nymphs idling the hours away.

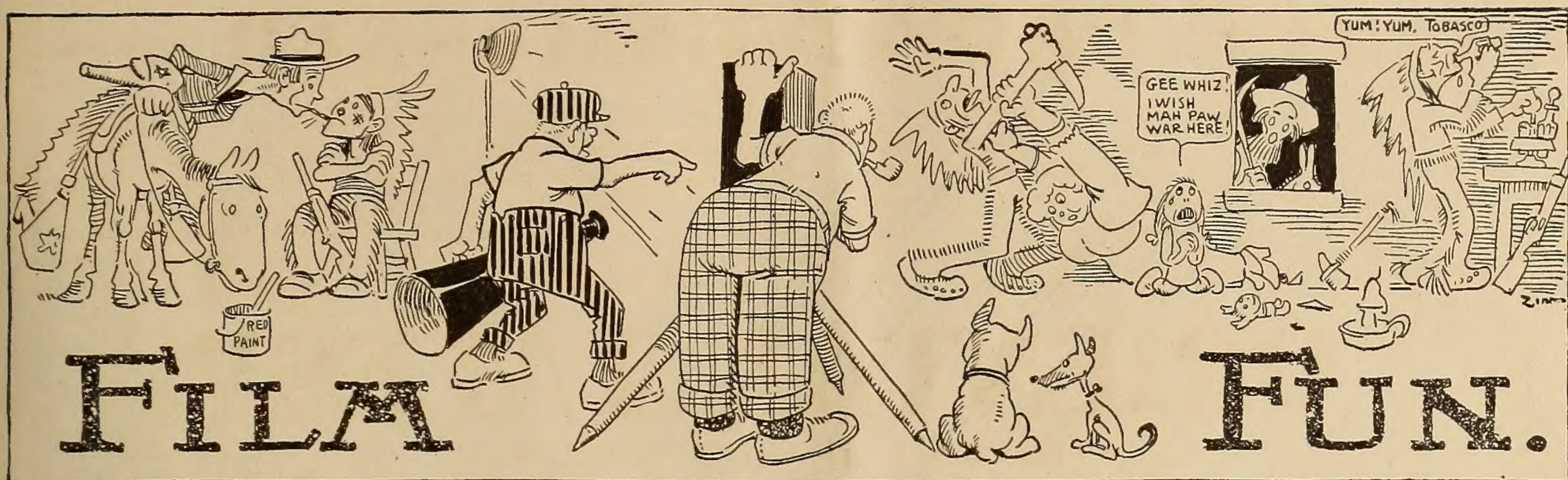
We see the Oriental dances, so wonderful in their mystic, tropical grace, so different from the imported burlesques of to-day. We watch the gorgeous barges floating on the placid Tigris, decorated with glittering gold and bearing radiant women languishing beneath wreaths of flowers on silken divans, fanned by slaves and lovers, and smiling with voluptuous content as with half-closed eyes they look upon the gorgeous scene of many-colored domes and minarets and royal palaces that line the shores. They believe that the great God Allah will cheerfully forgive them everything they do.

These Tales, in all their wealth and variety and uniqueness, are the most marvelous expression of fascinating national manners and customs in the literature of the world.

There is nothing like them—they stand alone—unaccounted for—magnificent works of genius.

They unmask and display for the first time to Western eyes life as it was actually passed by those who lived among the glories of Oriental ease and luxury and freedom when the world was young.

A few sets of "Oriental Tales" will be available to Film Fun readers at an especially low price while they last. Full information sent on receipt of coupon—BUT MAIL AT ONCE.



Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined.

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EDITORIAL

The Universal Illusion

PERHAPS the illusions of life that convince all of us that we would have been shining lights in any other profession save that in which we find ourselves chained in a bread-and-butter bondage are good things to encourage, after all. Sometimes they are the only roseate tinge of hopeful dreams that stern reality allows us.

The registration cards of the various motion picture companies tell a story that is pathetic. Every aspirant for screen honors must fill out an application card. One such, who frankly gives her age as that at which most women are letting their waist line go its own happy way and ordering shoes that really fit, admits that her occupation is that of a dressmaker. She says that her chest measure is 32 inches and her weight 98 pounds. She can ride horseback and is willing to learn how to swim and to drive an auto or dance, but she draws the line at fencing. "NO!" is her horrified answer to the question that inquires if she can fence. Her specialty is acting, and her wardrobe consists of one trunk!

Between the lines one can read of the starved emotions of this middle-aged, frail, little dressmaker, who dreams of real salaries earned in screen work. Her youthful visions of dramatic ambitions have remained with her. One can imagine that she has stitched into the gowns she has made all of these years something of the beauty of which she could only dream—and never realize. She is a pathetic little figure, and her photograph is not needed to get the pathos of her appeal to "go in the pictures."

She naively admits that her experience has been limited. "I have no experience," she writes, in her cramped and unaccustomed hand; "that is, no experience on the stage. But I know that good acting is asking God to help

us and knowing that we can act each part by feeling and seeing what we are acting."

It was given to us as a bit of comedy, this story. To us it is not comedy; it is tragedy. It tells a story—this registration card—that spells the tragedy of a hard-working, self-sacrificing life of work. But underneath the dreary routine of the day, and bubbling to the surface to relieve the routine and the deadly monotony, is a hope, a half-stifled glimpse of better things, that leads the poor little dressmaker to shed her chains of day labor and get out into the open and the fancied freedom of the pictures. She has probably pictured herself as winning applause and admiration on the screen—she has seen herself, for a moment or two, beautiful, wonderfully gowned, the center of attention.

And she is not so far wrong in her estimate of "good acting." She has put it in crude language, and the man who picked up the registration card no doubt smiled at it and thought it good material for a press story. But who of us can give a better description of "good acting"?

"It is asking God to help us," she says, "and knowing that we can act each part by feeling and seeing what we are acting."

More experienced actresses might put it in smoother language, perhaps. But the thought is there. And, to our mind, her crude little sentence is worth getting acquainted with.

Heaven help the little dressmaker, whose chest is only 32 inches and who weighs only 98 pounds and who wants to "get into the pictures," to keep for many a year the illusions that have helped to smooth her days of stitching at beautiful gowns for other and more fortunate women to wear.



Douglas and Mary and Charlie

By F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

DOUGLAS and Mary and Charlie one day
 Met in the Summer weather;
 Each of the three had drawn his pay
 And they smiled as they stood together.
 "What are you up to, now that you've met?"
 The Public asked the three.
 "Oh, we think we'll retire the National Debt,
 If we don't buy out John D.—
 Scads of silver and gold have we!"
 Said Douglas
 And Mary
 And Charlie.



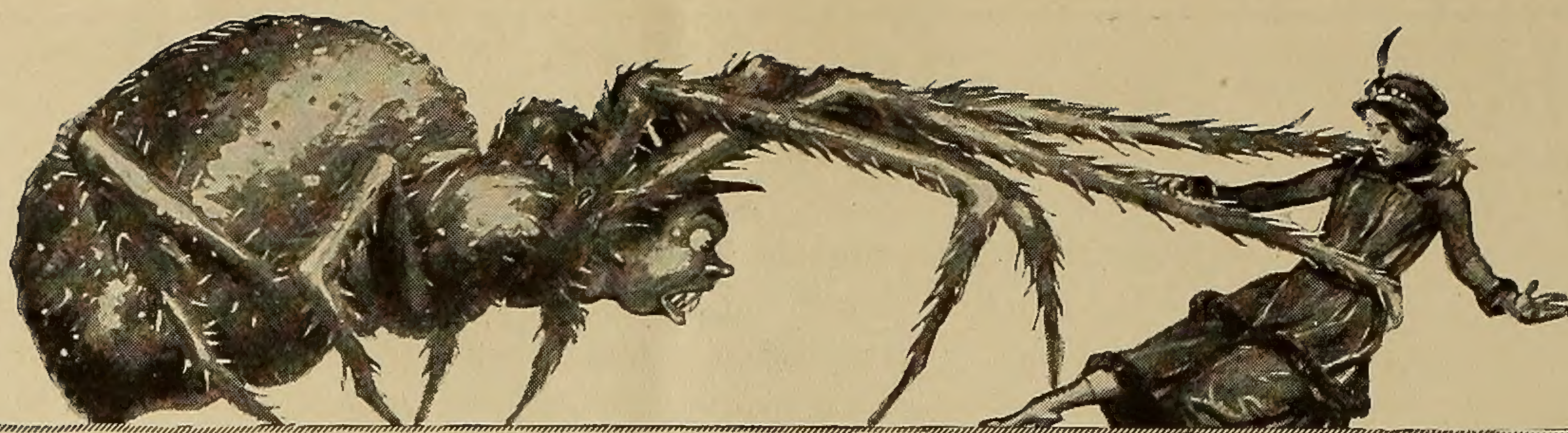
Douglas throws smiles and Charlie throws bricks,
 And Mary just shakes her curls;
 Each raises thrills with his box of tricks
 In the hearts of stage-struck girls.
 Why should we think about Germany,
 And quarrel and fume and fight
 When Douglas and Mary and Charlie we see
 On a thousand screens a night?
 "There's one born a minute, so we're all right!"
 Said Douglas
 And Mary
 And Charlie.



UNIVERSAL

GRACE CUNARD

Graciously consented to take a few moments off from her duties as author and star of Universal serials, to pose for us in her newest afternoon gown. You can see, of course, why she turned her back—and isn't it too bad the streamer from her hat got in the way?



“CONFESSIONS OF A MOTION PICTURE ACTRESS”

This series of articles, which began in our February issue and which is concluded in this number, has been one of the most remarkable stories of its kind ever published. Disclosing truthfully and without exaggeration happenings in motion picture offices and studios as the writer has found them, it has called forth much favorable and unfavorable comment—the former from real friends of the industry who realize that if it is to be the Art it deserves to be, such things must be exposed and done away with; the latter from certain persons who, because of a consciousness of guilt, have sought to silence us, lest the attack be directed against themselves. The writer of this series was well known in the world of drama before she entered the motion picture field and she has been in a position to know personally of the incidents she has mentioned.

I COULD tell through endless future “Confessions” of experiences similar to the personal ones I have recounted. I could parallel the stories told me by my sister professionals, until by repetition they would become monotonous. So with a few observations, I will, in this installment, bring my “Confessions” to a close. Some of my readers have, no doubt, been skeptical as to the truth of the confidences that have been given them. If so, let me most emphatically state that they need have no doubts as to the verity of what has been told.

The experience of one ambitious girl who endeavors to reach the smiling heights of success, with no money, influence or friends among the “powers that be,” is the experience of a thousand. My own trials are those and have been those of any number of motion picture actresses. The heartaches of the girl you know in these “Confessions” as “Myra” have come to countless young aspirants just as they came to her. I know, as I have been forced, and unwillingly forced, to see with open eyes, that the insults I have been the recipient of from producers and managers in my efforts to advance myself have been identical with those of the girl who followed me as well as of the girl who immediately preceded me. This type of studio official has a line of talk and a method of procedure with every girl who comes to him, looking for work or advancement in her profession, so similar that any girl who will be confidential enough to compare notes with me could continue my story from any point at which I chose to stop.

Every girl sooner or later establishes her “Rules of Conduct,” and to these she adheres no matter what the cost. To realize her ambition has led more than one woman to sacrifice her soul. I am happy to say I know of many who

have sacrificed their ambitions and kept their souls. Surely God did not plant within us an unconquerable longing for some expression of art if it wasn’t right to have it, but I am almost tempted to say, “Heaven forbid it come in the form of motion picture art!” Alone in his room, whether a bare attic or a comfortable studio, the artist works on his canvas with his brushes and paints, and, his work finished, offers it to the public. On its merits it lives or dies. A man writes a poem, and a woman a novel. They do their work alone, unhampered by the thousand and one unpleasant contingencies that come to vex one in a motion picture studio.

The artist and the writer work only with the simple tools of their trade, and the thing each conceives is given to the world in a form similar enough to their original creation to be at least recognizable to the author as his own. But in the motion picture world how different! After many buffetings and knocks, you wedge your way in and are engaged for a small part in a production. To take one of many instances, let it be a part with a woman star. You are young and pretty and have talent. The star, older by some fifteen years than you, is a recruit from the spoken drama. Her name has glittered in electric lights over a Broadway theater. She became a convert to the movies at the time when producers were making so much money, and making it so easily, that they didn’t know what to do with it. So with money for bait, they lured the dramatic stars from the art they loved so well that only filthy lucre could tempt them from it.

The photoplay in which you are supporting this star is finished. You are not, however, invited into the projection room to see it when it is first run. Only the star, “leads,”

director and photographer are at the first showing. A month or so later the picture you played in is on view in a theater, and with great hopes and as many fears you venture in. The reels begin to unwind. You look for your first little bit. It isn't there. Oh, something is dreadfully wrong! That effective little scene you had is cut out. The reels continue to unwind. Your next scene seems shorter than when you played it at the studio. Your heart begins to ache and the tears come to your eyes. You had hoped so much from this picture. The star being so prominent and the picture playing one of the popular theaters, you knew every manager and director in the business would see it, and that would have helped quite a bit toward your better establishment as a motion picture actress. But there is so little of you left by the time the picture reaches the public, that when it is run no spectator could be expected to remember whether you had any part in it or not.

But you, watching catlike every foot of film as it was projected on the screen, saw enough of yourself to at least give you confidence to continue in your work. What it would have meant to you if they hadn't cut out your best scene, you don't dare think. Even judging merely from the fragmentary bits of your work that remained in the picture, any manager could make you one of those "overnight" stars if he chose to. It has been done, and the method is simple. First, an expensive press agent is engaged. Some thousands of dollars are spent on advertising in theatrical papers and magazines, some new thousands on smart frocks and fetching hats and the other accessories of dress, and some hundreds of dollars on striking photographs. Then, presto! overnight, 'most any little curly-headed, ordinarily cute trick becomes a Mary Pickford. At least the public is asked to accept them as Mary Pickfords or Marguerite Clarks, and, sad but true, if they are fed to the public long enough and constantly enough, the public accepts them as such. It has been done!

One of the biggest men in the motion picture business to-day established in just such a way one of the genus "ingenue" as a world-famous star. He himself is credited with having said, "It just happened to be her—could as easily have been any young girl who happened along at that time. I might just as well spend my dollars on making an unknown known, for, in the first place, I won't have to pay a star's exorbitant salary. I'd have to advertise the expensive star just the same, so I sign a long-term contract with little Miss Unknown and proceed to make her known. It's a good investment. I'll make money, and when she leaves me at the expiration of her contract, she can command a big salary from some other concern; but just now she'd be glad to work for tea and cakes."

To go back in my story to that unhappy day when you were mostly "minus" on the screen when the picture you played in with the woman star was shown: You swallow your disappointment, pull yourself together and go back to this same producing company to see if there is anything for you in the next picture. There most emphatically "*isn't*" anything for you. You meekly accept the "*isn't*," but are told to "drop in and see us." You keep up a lingering interest in this star's next release, and out of curiosity

chiefly you go to see it, and having seen it, you go away a wiser and a sadder girl. For the supporting woman in this cast is so far from being fair to look upon, that you do not care to look upon her at all.

If you were a layman and not of the profession, you would have worried to weariness your little head trying to understand why the beautiful Miss So-and-So should have chosen such a homely woman to play with her in her picture. There was no reason in this wide world why you shouldn't have played it. But the beauteous star who had to have the studio lights "just so" for her best photographs, and who supervised the general "cutting" of the film, was not going to permit rivalry in the form of that, to her, fatal combination of both youth and beauty. So in the one picture in which you worked with her, she had your part trimmed down to nothing, and the next time she wouldn't have you in it at all. So you conclude there is nothing for you with a woman star.

How about the man star? You try for an opening there. The opening materializes. You play a part with the man star. You finish your work. In the time it takes to produce one feature, either the star has become fond of you and would be glad to retain you, with the privilege of making love to you and the promise of becoming his leading woman, or he remains indifferent, being unable to see you even with a spyglass. In these days of the dominance of the star and the almost Hohenzollern power of directors, it seems futile for the poor, struggling beginner to come up through these controlling forces and begin to feel support beneath her feet. Good-fellowship and parties more or less gay help to smooth the rough edges, and one can thereby make helpful friends if one cared for that sort of thing. But many don't, and it is foolish to bluff a liking for such affairs for which one has neither aptitude nor desire.

Many hold to a generally accepted statement that no girl in any walk of life is ever insulted unless she lays herself open to insult by her conduct or manner. In a measure that is true. There are young girls and women working in or "hanging about" motion picture studios looking for work who by their conduct invite from a man any insolent or ribald remark he may choose to make. They get what they ask for, and some would not criticise a man under such circumstances for whatever he might say or do. But what does hurt is that there are a number of men directing and managing companies who cannot differentiate (or have no desire to differentiate) between the clean, self-respecting class of girl and the free and easy kind.

To my mind comes an experience. I had known the director for years. He surely could have had no doubts as to my principles. But when I called at his office not long ago, merely to exchange courtesies and have a little business chat, he refused absolutely to talk business, but arrived immediately at the question of what I was doing this night. He said he had a great part in a future picture for me, that only I could play it—the part suited me "to the ground." If it had been written for me, he said, it couldn't have been more my type of a part. And then, what was it to be—did I want to "sport" first or work first. I told him I had an engagement for the evening. Then, nothing



"You must be sweet and pleasant to the exhibitor, and jolly him along."

(*"Confessions of a Motion Picture Actress."*—See opposite page.)

daunted, he asked what I was doing Saturday. I said I didn't know just yet. He asked me to 'phone him at the studio on that day. I said, "All right." I had no intention of doing so, but I wanted to get away with as little unpleasantness as possible.

Saturday came. I purposely stayed away from my room all day, but when I returned in the evening, I found three 'phone calls awaiting me from him. I ignored them, and I have never seen or heard from him to this day, and this all happened six months ago. Of course there would have been no wrong in my taking dinner with the man, but I should not have enjoyed the conversation that went with the dinner. And, then, I knew his wife and had accepted hospitality from her, which, to my way of thinking, made the whole thing despicable. He certainly had no honor. He made things mighty plain to me, and so it had to end.

When all is said and done, the right thing is not always the easiest to do. No one knows this more than the girl who is alone in a city like New York, a thousand miles from home and family and friends. Seldom, if ever, has she any money but what she earns, and in the dreadful uncertainty of dramatic work, when she makes a few dollars she must hold onto them. Bright and cheerful places in which to eat her dinner do not come in her category. It is the dismal, dreary, cheap table d'hôte, or often preferably crackers and milk in her hall bedroom, or a tin of soup heated over that life-saver, canned heat. Do not think it is easy to forever say "no" to an honest-to-God dinner in a first-class hotel or brilliant café of which New York City boasts so many. Music, soft lights and laughter, out of the grayness of a lonely, empty life—how one's heart may long for them! But it is better to accept the loneliness, for men with influence to do "things" for you seldom do them unless you are willing to give in return more than friendship.

With money and business ability or a good manager in the shape of a fond and doting mamma, there are other ways of beating down the bars that lock so firmly the entrance to the road of success in the moving picture world. Take, for instance, the case of a very young girl. A mother can tell a child that she is very clever and very beautiful, and if only she tells this often enough, not only the child but the managers and agents that the mother takes her child to in the endeavor to secure an engagement come to believe it. Not a few mothers of those children and young girls of the motion picture profession who have risen to positions of prominence deserve the credit for their daughter's success. The child may be clever and it may not be. The mother's ability lies in her power to convince managers that the child is clever. You can tell the public how talented and wonderful a certain player is, and if you only keep on telling it, keep on pounding at the fact, the public in a large measure accepts your statement. This has often happened in stock companies, where an actor, no matter how bad he may be, if he only stays with the company long enough, becomes a popular idol eventually.

An actress with some money and brains can, as some have, after failing to "arrive" by the ordinary conventional methods, depart from these shores and sail for for-

eign parts. After six months or so she returns to the United States of America. In the interim she has adopted a new name, preferably Russian, a Continental manner, an eccentric method of arranging her hair, odd clothes, an un-American temperament and a foreign accent practiced and acquired in, let us say, Petrograd. Metamorphosed in such a way, on her return to New York City she will be accepted as a rare, exotic plant from a far-away land, and in the twinkling of an eye her name will be flashed forth in brightest electric lights. Overnight a new star has arisen to shine in the firmament of motion picture players. The same manager who didn't have a moment to see Sadie Jones, from Missouri—or, if he had the moment, couldn't see Sadie, no matter how closely he looked at her and how wide open his eyes were when he looked—now welcomes with open arms and generous pocketbook the same Sadie Russianized.

I must not forget to say a word anent the Exhibitors' Ball. Player folk the world over are a good-natured and generous lot. We all know how they respond to any call for their services to help in a charitable cause. But I do think the Exhibitors' Ball is an imposition. To go and let the public look at you by simply paying a dollar, as if you were a lot of monkeys, is asking a great deal of a self-respecting picture player. But one must go, for one cannot afford not to stand in the good graces of the exhibitor, and, of course, it is good advertising, but cheap. You must be real sweet and pleasant to the exhibitor, and if you jolly him along and have several dances with him, he not only will put his fat arm around you and call you "dearie" before the night is over, but what really counts is that afterward he will ask the exchange man for more of your "releases." This, you know, makes your concern feel you are becoming very popular with the public, and you go up a peg or two in their estimation. So the Exhibitors' Ball may be a necessary part of one's work, but it is certainly a most unpleasant part.

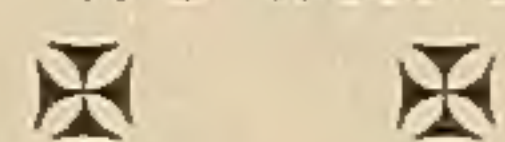
I think I have "confessed" from nearly every angle touching the life of a motion picture actress. I have told truths, and the truth is not the most popular thing one might tell. We do not like to hear it told either of ourselves or others. They let Christ live only thirty years because He told it. But it is everlastingly true that "the truth shall make you free!"

My hat is off to the many fine men and women of the profession. What a wonderful thing it would be if they could co-operate in protecting the innocent from the insults of the cheap, vulgar, ignorant men whom the great and wonderful motion picture profession could so easily do without—and some day, I trust, will do without!



Unlimited Edition

On the lips of the maiden he printed a kiss,
That brought joy to the heart of the sweet movie miss.
Said she, "Dear extra, won't you print a lot more?"
"Yes," replied he. "We will have editions galore."



Ripp—What kind of a screen artist is he?

Rapp—He can draw anything but a salary, and make anything but a living.

Fans, and How to Use Them



MUTUAL

One fan held to the lips, one black velvet hat, one pair of Edna Goodrich eyes between—'nuff said!



TRIANGLE FINE ARTS

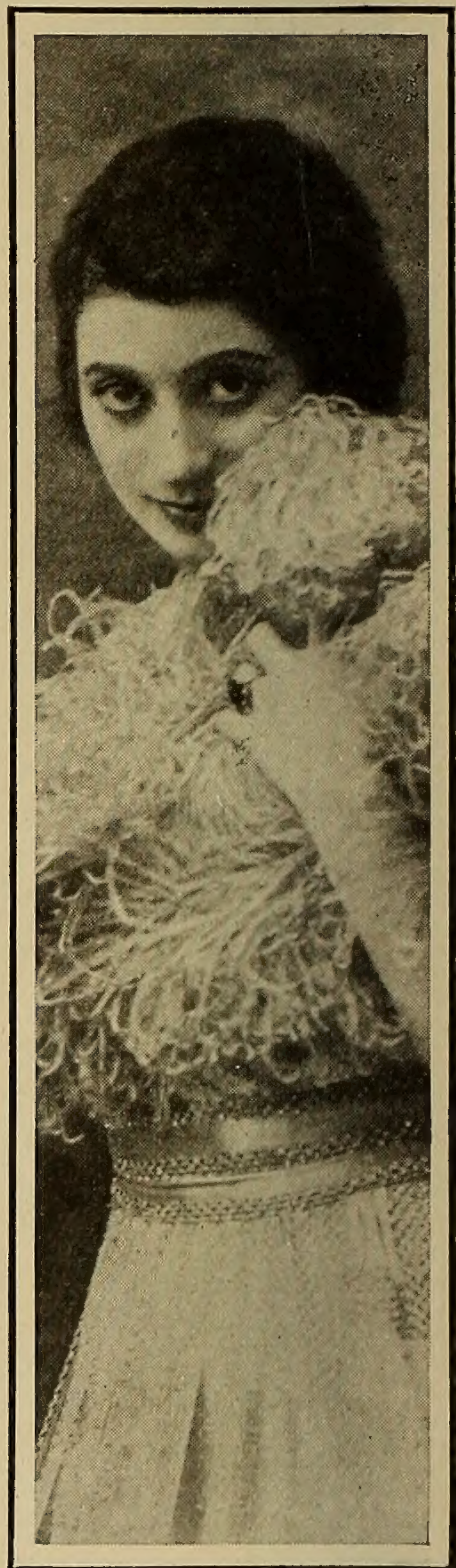
Fay Tincher uses her fan like a Spanish senorita—minus the bull.



FRANK POWELL PRODUCTIONS

Veta Searl doesn't even bluff about using her fan to keep cool—it's so much more becoming as a background.

CAMPBELL STUDIO



FOX

A sweet, simple pose? "Well, not so simple as it looks," says Jose Collins.

S o n C h a s e r s



VITAGRAPH

Think how dreadful it would be if, on a close-up, one should discover a freckle on the fair Anita Stewart's countenance!



BLUEBIRD

Leah Baird calmly plants her parasol beside her in the sand, shuts her eyes, and dares the sun to do his worst!



MUTUAL-AMERICAN

Mary Miles Minter likes summer, because she can use her fluffy sunshade; and as for her companion—everyone knows that the dog-days come in August.



FOX

Even Old Sol will fall one of these days, when Virginia Pearson rests her parasol over her shoulder, tantalizingly turns her head and puts that come-hither twist to her mouth!

Play Ball!



INCE-TRIANGLE

Bessie Love prefers her baseball played with a football—it's so much easier to hit. Watch this one, and mind your heads, you fellers out in the bleachers!



"Three and two, and the bases full! Take it easy now, Ida Schnall. Don't let 'em get you rattled. Plenty of time. ATTA BOY! Seventh inning. Everybody stretch!"



McCLURE

If it doesn't go through Shirley Mason's fingers, and the signals don't get mixed, this ought to be a good catch.



INCE-TRIANGLE

Charles Ray is a REGULAR ball player. Is always good for a home run.



MUTUAL

Harry Pollard and his wife, Margarita Fischer, are fond of all outdoor sports, and whenever they can find time, they get out and play ball with the studio kiddies. Margarita is telling Harry that if he makes base, she'll bring him home.

Reel Ropers



RED FEATHER

It must be a wonderful feeling to be "The Hero of the Hour," like Jack Mulhall—even if the chaps and guns are a part of the prop.



FOX FILM

This *may* be the new way of saluting, out where Tom Mix posed for "Hearts and Saddles."



SELIG

Test a man's love. See whether he grabs first for your lips or the food.—Fritzie Brunette and Ed. Coxen, in "Who Shall Take My Life?"



TRIANGLE-INCE-KAY BEE

The last word in screen cowboy-ism.—William S. Hart, in "The Gun Fighter."



GOLD SEAL

"A 44-Caliber Mystery"—what will it mean when Harry Carey's thumb turns down? Apparently Claire DuBrey knows, so it's all right.



MUTUAL-AMERICAN

WILLIAM RUSSELL

Has some very definite ideas about the dress of the male of the species. He believes that man makes the clothes, not clothes the man, and to prove it he has just ordered seven new suits and four new top-coats—hence the smile.

Man Proposes —



SELIG

"Mistakes Will Happen"—so Victoria Forde is making sure right at the start of the size of the sparkler Tom Mix slips on her finger.



VITAGRAPH

Anita Stewart knows it's a good stunt to keep 'em guessing, but she also knows that if you give a man too long to think it over, he's just naturally going to think of the High Cost of Living—which accounts for this scene in "The Glory of Yolande."



TRIANGLE

Bessie Love likes men to read poetry to her while they propose—as in this scene from "Nina, the Flower Girl."



PATHE

He still has a reel of "Her Beloved Enemy" left in which to plead his cause.



FOX

June Caprice is "A Modern Cinderella"—the other Cinderella had the prince at her feet, too.



MUTUAL-VOGUE

You've got to hand it to a man who's got the nerve to do his proposing while maw and paw look on, but we should say that he doesn't deserve to get the young lady of his choice.—Gypsy Abbott and Paddy McGuire in "Jealous Jolts."

Indoor Sports



RED FEATHER

Ruth Stonehouse, in "The Law and the Lady," evidently feels that a queen by his side ought to be worth two on the table; but it's funny how unromantic men get about things when there's money at stake.



FOX

Violet Horner deserves to be a star. In "The Marble Heart" she gets excited over dominoes.



TRIANGLE-INCE

Charles Ray is a great chess fan and often sits by himself figuring out moves.



MUTUAL

Peter the Great's chief indoor sport is eating—that is, when he gets a spare time off from supporting his mistress, Margarita Fischer, in photo-plays.

Little Grains of Powder, Little Drops of Paint--



VITAGRAPH

Eyelashes are to be worn dark and curly this season, but not too sticky. "It's the last part that takes the time," says Peggy Hyland.



MUTUAL

If we were Yerza Dayne, we'd demand at least one scene like this one in every picture in which we played.



WORLD

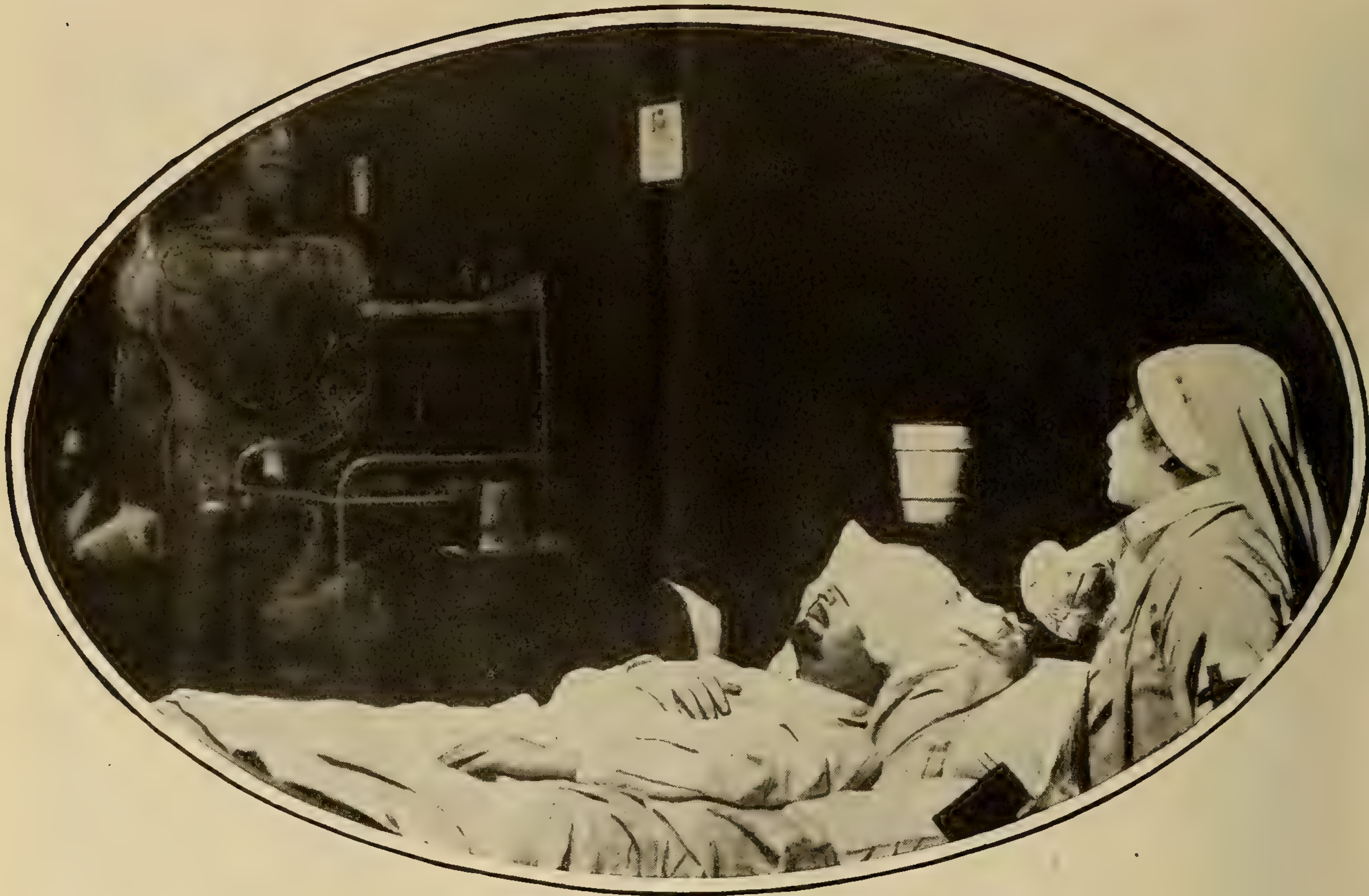
Montague Love preparing for old age. You see, it isn't only the ladies who keep their hair on the bureau.



FRANK POWELL PRODUCING CORP.

Marjorie Rambeau putting on the finishing touches—"a bit of powdered sugar," one might say.

Ministering Angels



WORLD

A scene from Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's picture, "Mothers of France"—actually filmed in the hospital at Rheims. Just as the memory of Joan of Arc has lived through the ages, so will the memory of the deathless soul of Mme. Bernhardt be ever fresh in the hearts of men.



UNIVERSAL

It's our private opinion that Allan Holubar is stalling a little—though with Nellie Allen to cool his fevered brow, you can't blame him.



FOX

What hospital did you say June Caprice is from? Come on, you bomb throwers! We're ready!

The Woman's Part



GAUMONT

"The Danger Zone," starring Aimee Davis, was actually filmed in the danger zone, "somewhere in France," and shows the part thousands of brave women are playing in helping to carry on the war.



LASKY-PARAMOUNT

Yes, they're discharging him, but his heart is incurably affected. No, it will never be any better. Got it from being nursed by Mae Murray in "The Primrose Ring."



LASKY-PARAMOUNT

They're small, but, oh, my!—any soldier will be glad to get 'em, after seeing Marie Doro in "The Heart of Nora Flynn."

Getting in the Pictures

By VERA VLADIMIR



THE OTHER day I met an old friend—a miniature painter of note. He censured me for having seemingly no ambition above that of being the best stenographer and bookkeeper I know how to be.

"I hate to see you waste your ability in a dingy office," he said. "I'm ashamed of you! You can act. Why don't you try to get into the motion picture game. You'll succeed if you do."

Succeed? When I think of the experience I have gone through in the last year, I firmly believe that nowadays a girl would have a better chance to become the first lady of the land than she would to succeed as a motion picture actress. From my experience I would judge that there are at least three hundred girls for each position open in the pictures.

I am a Russian type. I can dance, swim, act—being a direct descendant of the great actress, Olga Thomashefski. I ride, drive any kind of a car, play tennis, and I photograph unusually well. At school—a private school—I played the leads in every play we put out, directed and coached two plays as well as played the leading part. I had to leave school after the first year, because of reverses at home, and set out to earn my living as bravely as I could under the circumstances.

My mother strenuously objected to my being in pictures when I had an opportunity to play in an educational picture. She thought I would lose all social position, as well as the respect of my friends, for she was not a patron of the pictures as I was. I persuaded her that everybody had accepted the pictures as one of the new arts and gained her consent to go into the picture.

It was a most delightful experience. I rehearsed for five weeks. I received a splendid salary and was wise enough to deposit most of it in a safe bank. Critics and directors spoke warmly of my work, and I had no fears for the future. I felt that my success in this picture paved the way for success in the films for good.

I had some stunning new clothes made, paid considerable attention to my looks and my grooming, and came to New York with roseate hopes and plans. I had several excellent letters to well-known directors and had every reason in the world to believe that I would soon get a good position in the pictures. I was not the least worried as to the outcome.

I went to a good hotel, and early the next morning I called at the Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn. I had with me a letter to Mr. Vic Smith. I inquired for Mr. Smith and was told by

a boy in the office that he was out of town.

"You can see Mr. Blank," suggested the boy. I accepted the suggestion gratefully and presented the letter to Mr. Blank. He gazed completely through me. He had an appraising look in his eye that I tried not to notice or to believe that it was merely what I had to expect.

"We got more chickens hanging round dis joint dan we need in a hunderd years," he snapped. "But, say, I like your looks, kid—suppose you come in early in the morning, and we'll see what I kin do fer you."

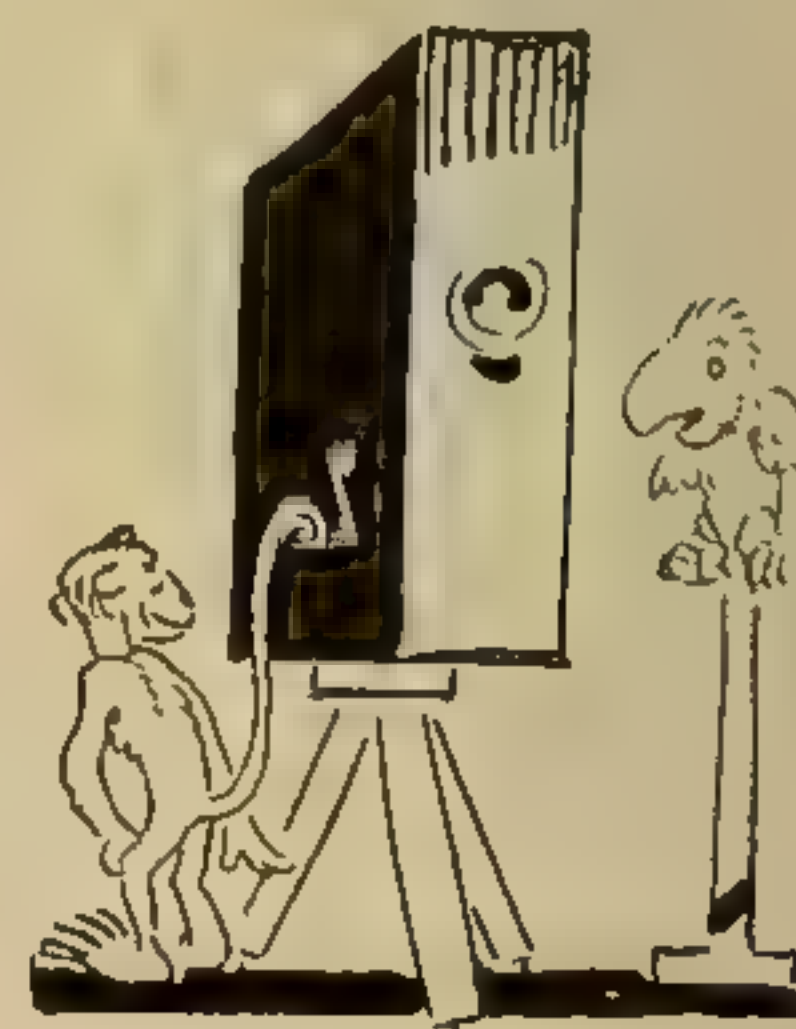
I thanked him and promised to be on hand bright and early. I did hope so to make good. I was there at nine prompt, and after an hour's wait Mr. Blank appeared and handed me a dress about five sizes too large for me, with

orders to go into an adjoining dressing-room and don it. It reminded me of a maid we had once who applied for a job. My mother needed her, and Nora needed the place so badly that she immediately took off her hat and put on the black gown the former maid had left. The maid before her was a large, fat woman, and Nora was a

little, thin thing, and we laughed so much at her when she came in to serve dinner in that baggy dress that she retired in tears and confusion. I was wondering if I was going to emulate Nora, when Mr. Blank appeared once more.

"Here, kid," he ordered, "join de mob. Dis is a shoit-waist strike. Act bostrious—act mean and mad."

I assumed that he meant that I was to act "boisterous." I tried to, but I am sure that no one ever saw me in that picture, for a tall, fat man insisted on standing between me and the camera. If it had been a sunny day, he'd have made a grand shade; but I wanted to get in the picture, so I did not appreciate him. Along about five-thirty they paid me five dollars for my day's work. When I asked to see Mr. Blank, I was told that he had left. I was asked to leave my name and telephone number, and when I gave the address of my hotel—one of the best in the city—they looked at me in amazement. I had spoken once or twice during the day to several of the girls there, and on the car coming back to town we fell into conversation—a group of us. They told me that they "filled in" occasionally at the studio, but that work was so scarce that they had only worked two days that month. When I was in my room once more and recalling what had been said, I decided that if I was to struggle along for the next year or two as they had been doing, I need never worry about the attentions of the director—for I felt sure they would never notice me





enough to tell whether my eyes were blue or brown.

Next I went to the Famous Players studio. I had a letter of introduction to Mr. Al Kaufman. He was too busy to see me and sent out word that if I would come back the next afternoon, he would see me. I waited almost two hours the next time before they admitted me to his presence. He sighed when he saw me, and his eyes seemed to say, "Another stage-struck girl! Will they never cease coming!" But after talking to me a few moments, he said,

"You are a splendid type, and you look as if you had ability; but the Famous Players cannot bother with beginners. To tell you the truth, I haven't even the time to give you an opportunity to show me what you can do."

Mr. Kaufman was courteous in his refusal, and I realized that he was sincere in what he said. I tried to think how I would act if my time was taken up with film-struck young women wanting to act in the pictures, and I suppose after a while I would be as weary and blase as he was. I thanked him for giving me the interview and went sadly away.

I had another letter of introduction to Charles Taylor, of the Metro. He could only give me a letter to their Mr. Hooper, but with the letter he gave me much encouragement and a kindly welcome. I went out to the studio with a lighter heart and hunted up Mr. Hooper.

"Had any experience?" he asked.

I patiently went over my experience in the pictures. He looked at me in despair.

"Why, I have over a hundred girls here on my list who have had from one to three years' actual stage and film experience," he said, while my heart sank down into my boots. "We do not need anyone just now, but leave your name and address, and if we need you, I will let you know." He turned his eyes to the perusal of a manuscript and bid me a curt adieu. Judging from the manner in which he received and dismissed me, I would say that he was not on friendly terms with any Russian.

The next day and for several days after I attempted to interview Robert Vignola, but could not see him. Either he was out or he refused to be bothered with me. About this time some friends gave me a letter to Mike Higgins, of the Fox Company. Hope rose anew in my heart, and I hurried there. I could not tell exactly what position he held with the company, but his name and his hearty manner were enough to make one feel at home in his presence. He was very courteous.

"I'll tell you," he explained. "We probably won't be doing any casting for the next three weeks, but if you'll"—

I could supply the rest of the sentence by this time—"leave your name and address, and we will let you know." We get so we have that sentence engraved deep on every brain cell. I used to wake up in the middle of the night with it ringing in my ears. But at least,



when it is said to us courteously, it takes away some of the sting, so that I left Mr. Higgins with a warm spot in my heart for his pleasant manner.

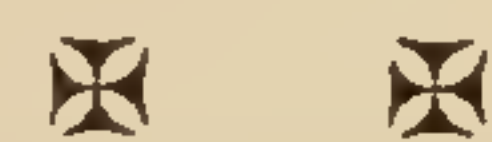
Frank Powell came next in my list. I went out to the Powell studio, at College Point. I found the studio empty, guarded by a carpenter and the stage manager, who gave me to understand that it was far easier to see the Crown Prince of Germany than to see Mr. Powell. After one look at him, I believed him. I did not even wait for him to finish the usual sentence, "If you'll leave your name and address," etc. I went on out to the Gaumont studio, at Flushing, and while the office of the company was still there, they told me they were not making any pictures just then. I felt that I would have given anything to have been a man just long enough to swear loudly while they were saying, "If you'll leave your name and address," etc. That remark began to get on my nerves.

I refused to give up yet. I went out to Yonkers to see Allan Dwan. The gate was locked, and a boy out on the street gratuitously informed me that there seemed to be some misunderstanding about a picture someway, and Mr. Dwan was in the city and not out at Yonkers. The boy was talkative, but I tore myself away and looked dubiously at my thin-soled shoes. It was a long walk from that studio to the cars. The boy was trying to tease an automobile into really starting, and I sat down despondently and watched him.

"Look here," I ventured; "if I start that thing for you, will you drive me back to town?"

He gladly agreed, and an examination showed us that the tank was empty. He went for gasoline, and we gayly started back for New York. The tears came to my eyes when I got my hands on that wheel, and memories of the happy days when I had two cars at my disposal at home rushed over me. I was tired in body, but when that little car stopped in front of my hotel and I turned over the wheel to the boy, I was still more tired and sick in mind and heart. However, I plucked up courage the next morning to go to the Frohman studio, at Flushing. I stood in their office door, hesitating a moment, when a pleasant Southern voice requested me to have a seat. The voice was so kind and so courteous that tears came once more to my eyes. The owner of the voice informed me that he was the studio manager and listened to my plea most patiently. It was the same old story. They all admitted that I was a good type, but—no position just then.

I spent two months and every dollar I had in New York, trying to get in the pictures. Now I am back at my typewriter again, pounding, debeting and crediting and balancing my books. I do not like this work, but in order to eat, have a place to sleep and a decent suit to wear, I must keep at it. So when my friend suggested that I try to get in the pictures, I smiled. I have earned the right to smile at such suggestions.



Julia Sanderson has been signed by John R. Freuler to appear in a series of Mutual Star Productions.





THE Motion Picture Players' Association has been actively engaged for weeks in doing its bit for the contest for humanity as seen in the present war. Many of the players are hard at work in pictures, but they spare time each day to hustle out for recruits and to make up comfort kits for the soldiers. They are not going to let the stage women get ahead of them. The motion picture people stand on boxes at street corners, urging men to enlist, hold committee meetings and give generously of both time and money to raise funds for the soldiers. Between whiles in the studios, they are busily at work making comfort kits; all of them cannot knit, but any one of them can fill a comfort kit.

An odd bit of information was brought to light at one of the committee meetings, at which fully thirty-five of the best known picture stars were present. It transpired that not over five of them knew each other. One has a general and vague idea that all of the motion picture stars know each other. But as introductions went on, even the stars themselves relaxed and smiled at the almost universal greeting when two stars met each other. There were the Gish girls and Norma Talmadge and Alice Brady and Doris Kenyon and Ruth Roland and Jane Gail and Roshanara and Valentine Grant and Mae Marsh and Anita Stewart and Alice Joyce and a score of other shining stars, who looked at each other hopelessly and repeated again and again,

"Oh, yes, I have seen and admired you on the screen immensely, but this is the first time I have ever had the pleasure of meeting you!"

This statement was repeated so many times that the screen lights began to regard it as a joke. Yet it was an odd occurrence that among those thirty-five stars, only five or six had met personally. Perhaps not so odd, after all, for picture players are busy people and have little time for recreation or visiting.

The screen stars have joined in the general spirit of conservation. Even Fatty Arbuckle has taken to dieting. He says he has cut out French pastry and ice cream and heavy roasts, and has had compiled for his especial benefit a diet that will satisfy him, cut down the bills and leave no trace on the avoirdupois that is one of his assets. The screen people are sensible about the cutting down of their bills. They feel that it is a duty now to keep a balanced amount of money in circulation, but they are cutting out unnecessary expenses, in order to have more money to buy Liberty bonds and fill comfort kits. At the same time, they are demanding higher prices than ever. The producers are almost flattened against the last wall of retreat,

and if action is equal to reaction, and in a contrary direction, as our schoolbooks taught us in our credulous youth, we may look to see some of these demanding stars looking at their salaries through the small end of the telescope. One of the high-priced ones, whose largest call on a high salary is the fact that she knows how to wear clothes and dance and how to procure the proper amount of publicity, was surprised herself when a company with which she was dickering for a salary came across at her price. A friend of hers was calling on her when an agent for the company called with the contract for her to sign.

"Gosh!" she sighed inelegantly. "I never thought you'd pay the price—honest, I didn't!"

But she was careful not to say it until the contract was signed. A leading lady for one of the expensive male stars hangs on for a mere pittance of a couple of hundred a week. A few months ago she kicked for a larger salary. She pointed out that he would find it difficult to get another leading woman with whom he could work so congenially, but he came right back at her. He is troubled slightly with a pinching of the coins in his bank roll at all times.

"Why, I made you!" he said. "You wouldn't be worth two cents anywhere else. Go on out and hunt a job if you want to. You'll be idle for weeks, and then glad to pick up something at fifty a week. I give you leave to try."

The leading lady did not try. She realized that he spoke something like the truth, although he can ask almost any price he wants and get away with it. But some day the producers will wake up and find that the authors are demanding equal constellation privileges with the stars, and that it may come down to a fifty-fifty basis between the author and the star. And there'll be just as many stars. They'll reduce the swollen size of their mental head bands and be perfectly willing to take a reasonable salary.

The talk of taxing the pictures has naturally suggested that the screen stars pay back a bit of their inflated salaries in taxes. This may result in a trifle less boasting of what they draw per week. If they had not talked so much about the enormous salaries they were getting, the Assembly hounds would not have gotten on their trail. They are all having moccasins fitted nowadays and will walk with a silent trail in the future. If they have money, they are not going to talk about it, which is a lesson that able financiers have learned long since. Naturally, if you let the public know you have money, it is going to try to separate you from some of it.

The motion picture industry has merely gathered to itself the publicity in all the details of its business that must come to any industry that suddenly lands on the crest of a wave of unprecedented prosperity and publicity. Out of the restlessness that is merely symptomatic of an underlying prosperity and sturdiness that will endure will come a ferment that will permeate the business and steady it eventually into a permanent and solid industry.



Auto salesman—Our 1916 output was quickly exhausted.

Screen idol—Yes; I bought one, and it gave out completely in three days.



It isn't often that one catches five celebrities together like this, but here are stars and humorists hobnobbing together just like regular people. Left to right: Fred Schaefer, General Film Company; Corinne Griffith, leading lady for her next-door neighbor, Earle Williams; K. C. Beaton ("K. C. B."), of the *New York American*, writer of "Ye Towne Gossip"; and Roy K. Moulton, of the *Evening Mail*.

In Our Town

By JAMES G. GABELLE

Miss Lyda Lott, our dressmaker, says this is sure the age of combinations. Almost any day now she expects to hear of mothers-in-law, sewing machine agents, motion picture censors and other moral contagions forming a union.



Ed Dyball wishes to correct the statement that he said he had read the dictionary through while waiting for his wife to get ready for the movin' picture show. It wasn't no dictionary; it was an encyclopedia.



There is grate excitement in Centropolis. Hen Reardon has fell in love with Mary Pickford, and his wife is crazy over Tom Forman. Our whole town is worked up over it. Some folks take his part, and others take hers, and then, of course, there's a few people left who mind their own business.



It might be a good idea at that to kinda finish this here war thing before it started. We don't want this Land of the Screen and Home of the Reel all mussed up. Why, some of the movie theaters would have to close up if those enemy chaps broke in on us! That would never do! We could send Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin over into the enemy's country! Chances are that Doug and Charlie would clean 'em up right there and keep our sidewalks and front yards from being all cluttered up with enemies and things.

Francis X. Bushman and Warren Kerrigan would have charge of the Red Cross nurses. They've busted many a heart; let 'em mend some! Besides, we mustn't keep 'em away from the girls!

I wish we knew what to do with those censors, though. I'm strong for loading 'em into cannon and shooting 'em at the enemy. It would be tough on the enemy, but war is war, and somebody must suffer. Why not the enemy?

The Happy Ending

By RUTH WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

Flower-face, half like a rose,
Petals pellucid and pale;
Half as the violet grows
Down in an indistinct dale.
How your long lashes exhale
Visions you never intend!
What if there blow up a gale?
That is the way it will end.

Once, among old cameos,
I had found features as frail,
Destined for loves and for woes;
Catalogue all can retail.
Bravely your heart did not quail.
What should your soul apprehend?
Pride conquers foes that assail:
That is the way it will end.

Courtship and marriage—and blows;
Scenes that a poet would veil;
Villain that mockingly throws
Innocent husband in jail;
Heart that is nearly for sale;
Kisses that nearly impend—
Catastrophe *part* of the tale?
That is the way it will end.

Director, your art must prevail;
Your star you must somehow defend.
Since pictures are meant *not to fail*,
That is the way it will end.



Sounds Something Like It

A chauffeur and his taxi had quite a prolonged scene in a certain film, and when it was over, Mrs. Ahearn drew a long sigh of admiration.

"'Tis a foine business, thot, and it does me proud to think me bhoy, Timothy, is studying to be a shofer."

"Ye don't say!" ejaculated her companion, in surprise.

"Yes, 'tis so. 'Twas only yesterday he sint me a letter fr-rom Chicago, saying he is taking a course in taxidermy."



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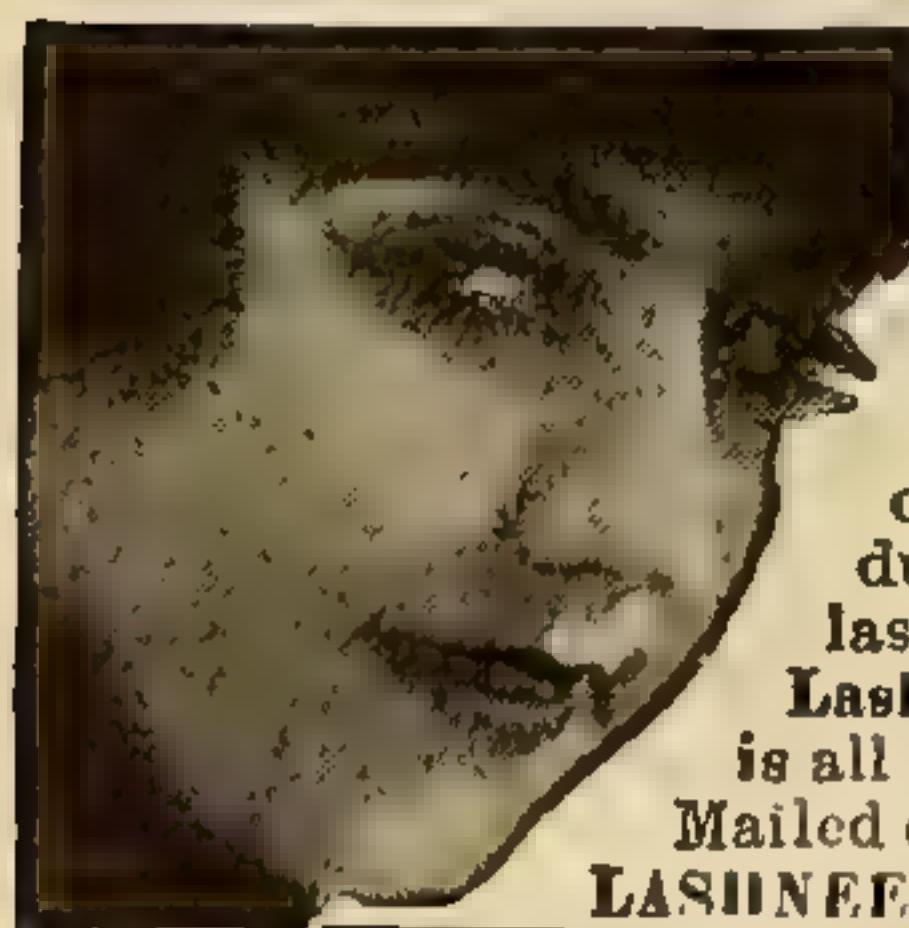
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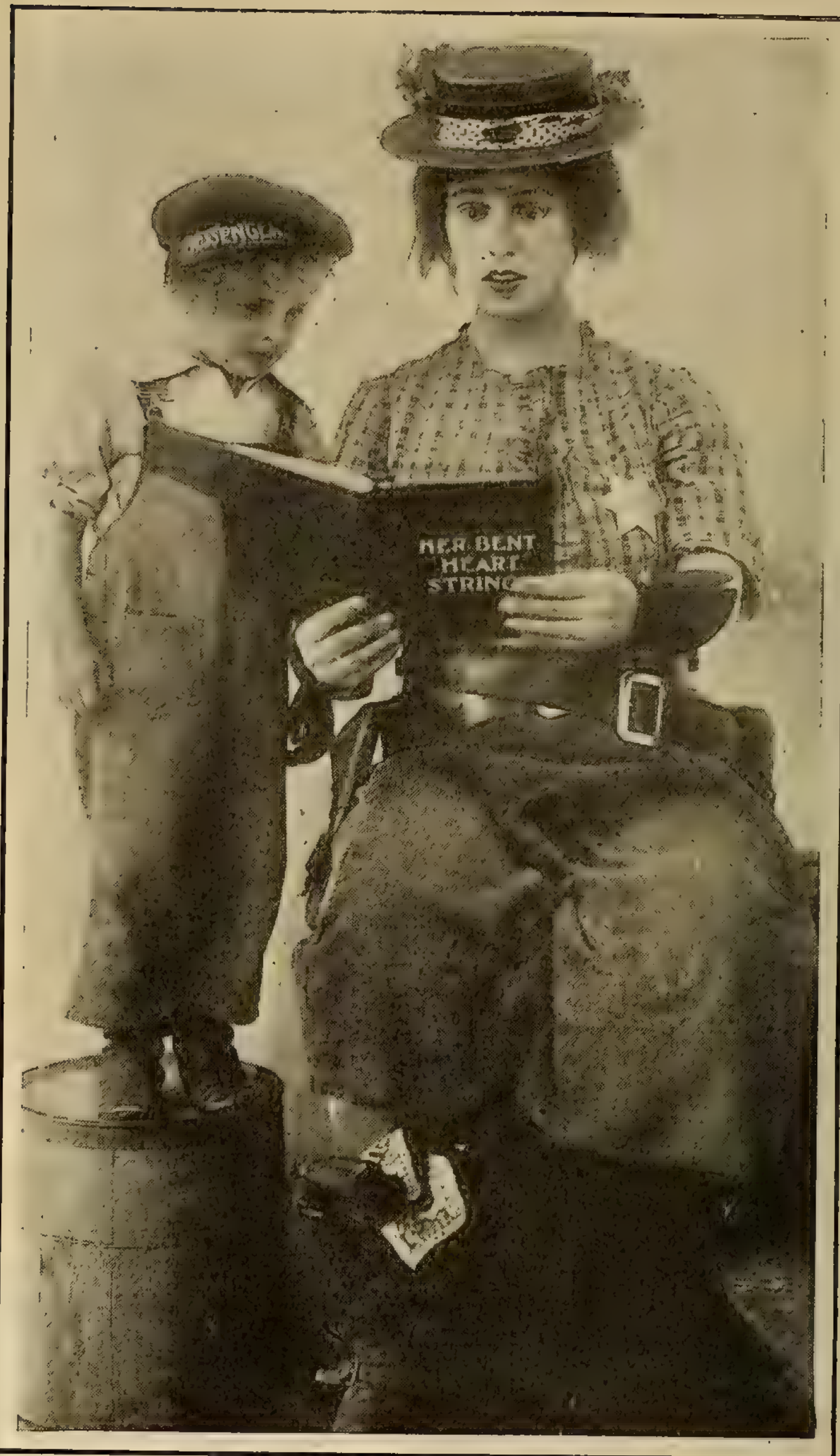
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TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

Polly Moran and Jory Jacobs, in "Cactus Nell," are afraid the handsome hero won't come in time to rescue the beautiful heroine from the hands of the scheming villain.

Wireless!

Sure, 'tis little I care
 How she flirts on the screen!
 When that kiss flung to air
 (A-ah, she knew I'd be there!)
 Was for me, straight an' fair,
 Ye can catch what I mean
 Of how little I care
 When she flirts on the screen!
 Every curl of her hair,
 An' each laugh in her een
 (Och, an' aren't they the pair?
 Blue as heaven, I swear!)
 Cries her message: "I dare
 Play to you, naught between!"
 Sure, 'tis little I care
 Though she flirts on the screen!



We Expect It of Douglas

While filming one of his recent releases, Douglas Fairbanks and his company were on location in the country. When dusk came on and the party started back home, they stopped at a farmhouse to get a drink.

The hired man was running the milk

through a cream separator, with Douglas an interested watcher; the moment the former let go the handle, Douglas went up and studied the machine.

"Sixty revolutions a minute," he read aloud, slowly, the words on the handle. Then he began to search on each side of the separator, below it, on its feet, around the tank; in fact, each part was subjected to intense scrutiny.

"It's here somewhere, I know," he was heard to murmur; "but I can't seem to find it."

"What are you looking for, Mr. Fairbanks?" queried dainty Jewell Carmen. He raised his eyes soberly to hers. "Why, 'Made in Mexico,' of course."



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Rapp—I bet that you will never get them developed.



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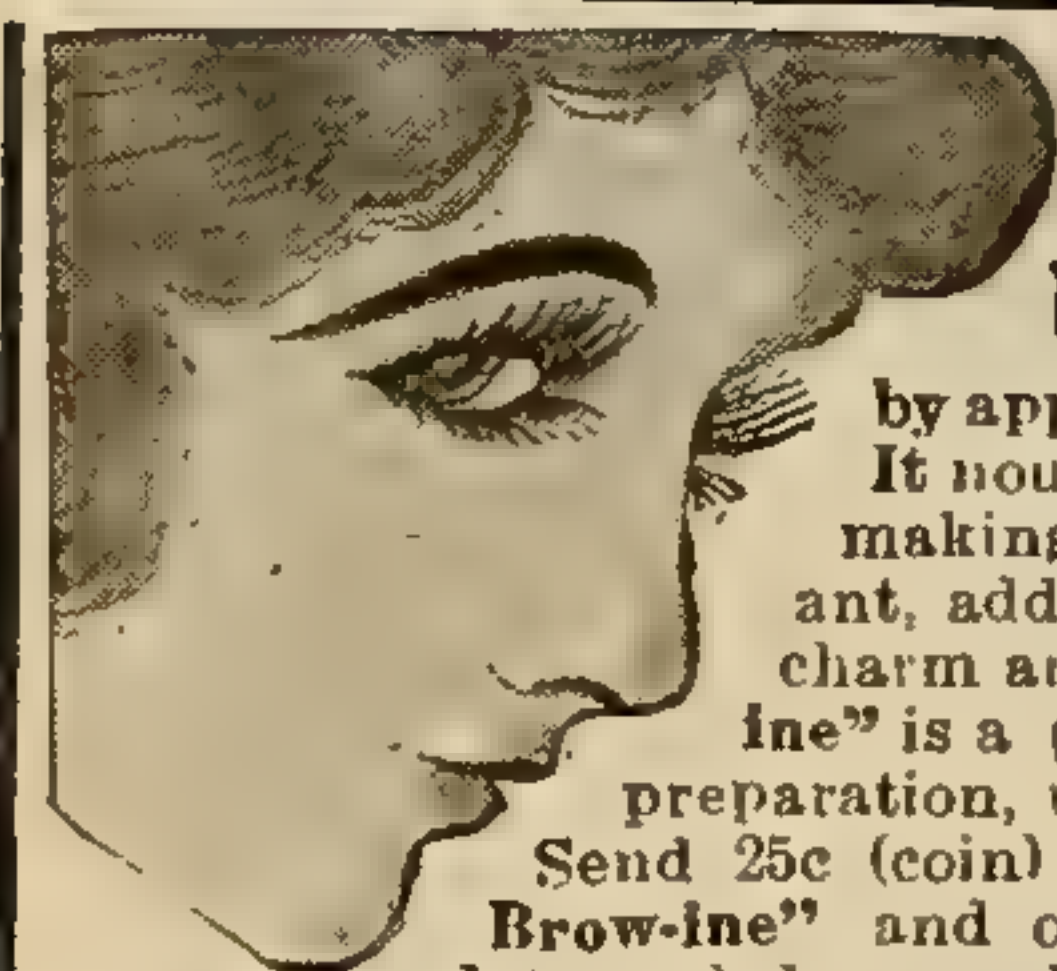
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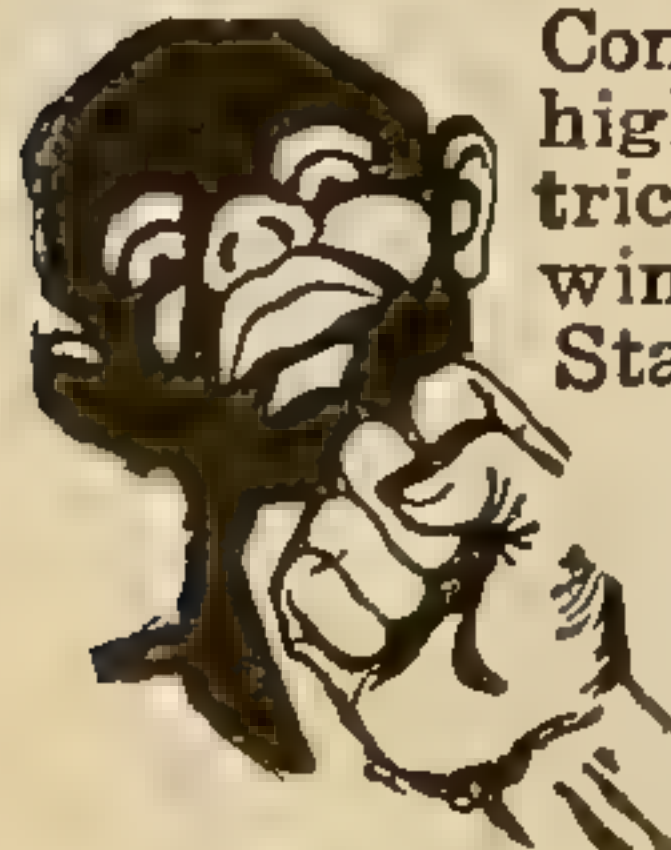
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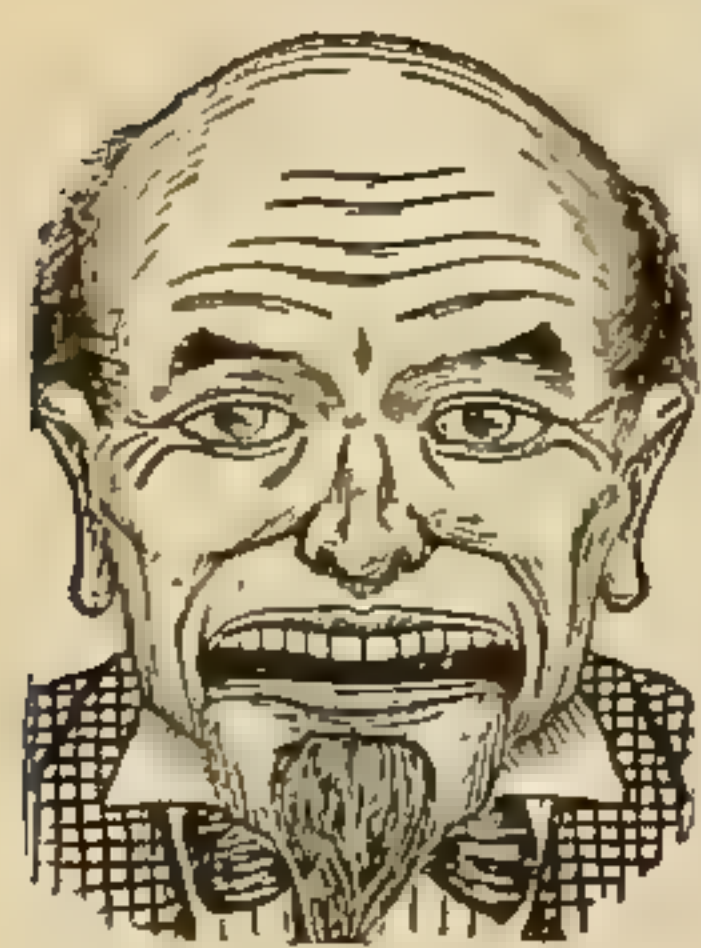
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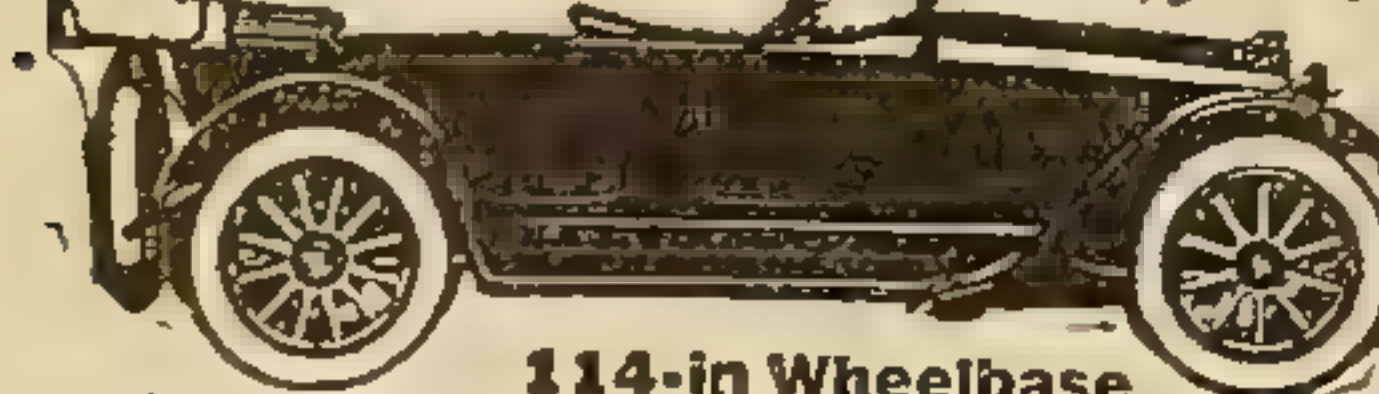


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Who's Who and Where

Sally Berch has educated feet. She can say more with them than most people can with their eyes and mouth.

The Criminal Prison Hospital at Danemora, N. Y., has adopted motion pictures as a means of entertainment for its inmates.

Fritzie Brunette has signed up with the Selig Company and is to begin work on a feature under the direction of Colin Campbell.

Doris Pawn says that some people remind her of the motion picture "sets" of building exteriors. They are all front, with nothing inside.

The Fox publicity department is responsible for this: "Virginia Pearson—is an expert cook. Her next release will be 'Wrath of Love.'" There's only one connection that we can see.

Slim Summerville has had a cigar named after him. It was meant as a compliment, but Slim has been so swelled up about it ever since that there is danger of his getting too stout to hold down his job.

Juliette Day, who last appeared in the "legitimate" as the "baby vamp" in "Upstairs and Down," is to appear in a series of photoplays released through Mutual. The series will be produced under the direction of Rollin S. Sturgeon.

Margaret Illington has returned to New York, after completing two productions for Lasky. The first of these pictures is "Sacrifice," and the second an adaptation of Basil King's novel, "The Inner Shrine." Frank Reicher directed both productions.

Marie Cahill believes that the one way to really do something for your country is to make a big sacrifice. Accordingly, she has offered to the government, as a submarine chaser, her greatest treasure—a motor boat that can travel forty miles an hour.

The other day Polly Moran roped a steer, threw it as it lay on the ground, took it by the horns and twisted its head toward the camera. "Best bull thrower on the lot!" exclaimed Mack Sennett, when he saw it. Whereupon

Polly applied to the publicity department for a job.

Ann Ivers says she doesn't mind being slapped in the face with an open-faced pie, but since her latest picture, in which she was stuck with a fork and burned with a hot iron and had to fall over a railing on the side of a house, Red Cross work under shrapnel fire has no terrors for her.

"Skip and grow thin" is Marjorie Rambeau's advice to fat people. Miss Rambeau's morning exercise consists of skipping rope. "If women complaining about increased weight would begin with ten skips and work up to fifty a day," says she, "they would soon be rid of their troubles."

The following is a partial list of the expenses for the making of Fatty Arbuckle's "A Reckless Romeo": Three dozen dinner plates, five dozen cups and saucers, one dozen platters, five vegetable dishes, two soup tureens, sixteen bread and butter plates, twenty-five saucers and a couple of punch bowls.

Norma Talmadge's idea of paradise is a Connecticut farm, where motion picture directors and camera men are unknown quantities. As soon as she finishes work on each one of the productions she makes at her Forty-eighth Street studio, she jumps into her car and starts for the country to recuperate.

Among the various thrills in Mary Pickford's newest picture, "The Little American," will be scenes showing the sinking of the *Lusitania*. For one of these scenes a tank, measuring fifty by one hundred feet, is being built at the Lasky studio in California, in which the ballroom of the liner will sink. It is said that this feature will cost about ten thousand dollars.

Several weeks ago Tom Santschi proudly announced that he was about to give old H. C. of L. a knockout blow, by raising his own chickens in the backyard of his own home at Los Angeles. The other day, after taking inventory, he found that his chickens were as expensive to feed as an automobile, that he had expended more time and money in going through periodicals that tell how simple a matter it is to get ten eggs from ten hens daily, and

that he had gathered in just five real eggs. Tom has given up the chicken business for good.

Kathleen Kirkham has joined the American-Mutual forces and will make her appearance soon in a forthcoming William Russell production.

Vivian Reed had a birthday recently. Vivian admits she's twenty-two, doesn't care who knows it, and hopes that she looks it. She says there are too many movie actresses who refuse to grow out of their 'teens.

Georges Renavent, the young Frenchman who has been playing all winter with the French Players at the Theater Francais, New York, has signed a contract to appear under the direction of Allan Dwan at the Triangle studios in Yonkers.

While acting in a fighting scene in "Freckles," Billy Elmer was knocked against an iron girder at the side of a bridge, and his collar bone was broken. The broken bone was set by the doctor at the lumber camp where the company was making its temporary headquarters.

A swimming pool, forty feet wide, sixty feet long and ten feet deep, is being installed at the Lasky studio. It will serve the double purpose of cooling the temperaments of the stars and the fevered imaginations of the scenario writers, and will incidentally afford numerous opportunities for staging aquatic scenes.

Taylor Holmes has signed a contract with Essanay to star in the picturization of the "Efficiency Edgar" stories which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*. In announcing Mr. Holmes's engagement, nothing has been said regarding the star's salary—an unusual procedure for a publicity department.

Goldwyn Pictures Corporation is fast making good its promise that twelve completed pictures will be ready for inspection by exhibitors by September. Mae Marsh is now on her third picture, and by the date mentioned will easily have completed two more, making a total of five. By the same date Madge Kennedy will have completed two pictures, and perhaps three. Maxine Elliott has finished two and sailed for Europe. Jane Cowl will have completed two, and Mary Garden, beginning work in July, will have at least her first picture ready September 1st.

Doctor Says Nuxated Iron Will Increase Strength of Delicate People 100% in Ten Days

In many instances—Persons have suffered untold agony for years doctoring for nervous weakness, stomach, liver or kidney disease or some other ailment when their real trouble was lack of iron in the blood.—How to tell.

New York, N. Y.—In a recent discourse Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician who has studied widely both in this country and in great European medical institutions, said: "If you were to make an actual blood test on all people who are ill you would probably be greatly astonished at the exceedingly large number who lack iron and who are ill for no other reason than the lack of iron. The moment iron is supplied all their multitude of dangerous symptoms disappear. Without iron the blood at once loses the power to change food into living tissue and therefore nothing you eat does you any good; you don't get the strength out of it. Your food merely passes through your system like corn through a mill with the rollers so wide apart that the mill can't grind. As a result of this continuous blood and nerve starvation, people become generally weakened, nervous and all run down and frequently develop all sorts of conditions. One is too thin; another is burdened with unhealthy fat; some are so weak they can hardly walk; some think they have dyspepsia, kidney or liver trouble; some can't sleep at night, others are sleepy and tired all day; some fussy and irritable; some skinny and bloodless, but all lack physical power and endurance. In such cases, it is worse than foolishness to take stimulating medicines or narcotic drugs, which only whip up your flagging vital powers for the moment, maybe at the expense of your life

later on. No matter what any one tells you, if you are not strong and well you owe it to yourself to make the following test. See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous run down people who were ailing all the time double, and even triple, their strength and endurance and entirely get rid of their symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form, and this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. You can talk as you please about all the new wonders wrought by new remedies, but when you come down to hard facts there is nothing like good old iron to put color in your cheeks and good sound, healthy flesh on your bones. It is also a great nerve and stomach strengthener and the best blood builder in the world. The only trouble was that the old forms of inorganic iron like tincture of iron, iron acetate, etc., often ruined people's teeth, upset their stomachs and were not assimilated and for these reasons they frequently did more harm than good. But with the discovery of the newer forms of organic iron all this has been overcome. Nuxated Iron for example, is pleasant to take, does not injure the teeth and is almost immediately beneficial."

NOTE—The manufacturers of Nuxated Iron have such unbounded confidence in its potency that they authorize the announcement that they will forfeit \$100.00 to any Charitable Institution if they cannot take any man or woman under sixty who lacks iron and increase their strength 100 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. Also they will refund your money in any case in which Nuxated Iron does not at least double your strength in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

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OUR READERS' COLUMN

This department belongs to the readers of FILM FUN. Write us and tell us what you think about it. If we can help you, write and tell us so. If you like our magazine, tell us about it. If you do not like it, tell us anyway. We want to know just what you think about it.

I wonder if you get any letters of appreciation from Ireland? I hope so, for we all like FILM FUN, and our only complaint is that, since the war, we cannot always get it at our news dealers. They tell us they cannot get them across now, because of the shortage in ships, and we miss it more than any of the others. Mrs. D. M., Dublin, Ireland.

Let me congratulate you on your excellent pictorial make-up. I find FILM FUN just the thing for a busy man who wants to keep up with the newest in pictures and who has not the time to wade through long stories of the films. I derive great pleasure from looking over the pictures in FILM FUN, and the family enjoy especially your excellent captions. Every page is good for many laughs. A Business Man, Chicago, Ill.

For the first time I have read FILM FUN and find it a captivating magazine. I was in search of a magazine that would give me information regarding photoplay plots, and I read in your column the letter signed "W. W., Denver, Col." I would like to get in touch with him. I think it would be a good idea to exchange plots with youngsters in the business, for it would save them many heartaches that come to the beginner who tries to do things the wrong way. F. Z., N. Y.

I have just read the first installment of "Confessions of a Motion Picture Actress" and believe that her articles will prove to be a safeguard to the young woman who aspires to be a motion picture actress. I am also pleased with "At Last! At Last!" written by Miss Linda Griffith. I am glad to know that the film companies recognize the fact and are endeavoring to improve matters along this line. I think FILM FUN is the best and brightest motion picture magazine of them all. E. F. H., Chenoa, Ill.

Perhaps you might be interested in knowing how eagerly we who are deep in the mud and the trenches look forward to the coming of FILM FUN. We pass it along from hand to hand. The motion pictures have been the greatest help to the soldier. And you might be surprised to know that we keep up with all the latest films. We know all the stars, and how we shout when our favorites appear at the screen shows that we see infrequently enough, although it means a great deal to us to have them provided for us at all. Trenches, Somewhere in France.

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